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AN

# APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES

IN

## BEHALF OF AFRICA.

In fundamental principles, *unity*—on doubtful points, *liberty*—  
in all things, and above all things, *charity*.—MATTHEW HENRY.

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## APPEAL IN BEHALF OF AFRICA.

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SHALL we longer hold our peace? Shall the Lybian cry still dwell on its appealing note, and touch no nerve of sympathy?

We are aware that the very name of Africa has already become annoying to public feeling, from the injudicious collision of opposing parties. And while these parties have been collecting and arraying their forces, charging their artillery and preparing for battle, many lovers of the cause have hid themselves for a little moment, till this gust of passion should be overpast. But although these dark clouds, (to use the figure of another,) have come into actual contact, they yet discharge no genial showers. No—there seems nought but the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roar; the clashing of steel and the fire of arms; and could we at this critical moment contribute a single iota towards allaying the mighty conflagration of public feeling, it would satisfy our fondest hopes.

In doing this, we espouse no party interest, save that of bleeding humanity; we enlist under no banner, save that of love. We plead for Africa, suffering, degraded Africa, whose thrilling cry is stunned by the party harangue and political debate of those who profess to be laboring for her good. And shall this cry be hushed in death, and these sufferings find rest

in the grave, while the philanthropist and Christian are quarreling about the best measures for their relief? They profess to be fighting for the Prince of Peace; but would He tread His hallowed foot upon such bloody ground? No; these things are fitting ambitious hopes of earthly glory; not the soldiers of that cross, whose motto is, "Peace be with you, love one another." The Christian's life is indeed a warfare, but it is with the powers of darkness, not with their brethren, the children of light.

It is a lamentable fact, that the spirit of party has so diffused itself through our benevolent institutions. We expect party in politics, but not in religion; especially among those acting for the same family, children of the same parent; while a part are now groaning under the rod of the civil oppressor, the rest in bondage to a barbarous chief, and the still more despotic rule of their own unrestrained passions and appetites—equally entitled to sympathy and relief. And were the two societies already engaged in their behalf to go on in harmony and enlightened zeal, we have no doubt, with the blessing of Heaven, the rod of the oppressor would soon be broken, and Ethiopia become as the garden of the Lord. But while one not only says "I am of Paul," and another, "I am of Apollos," but we are not *brethren*, we fear there must be very little of Christ, whose command is not merely "be pitiful," but, "be courteous."

It is not our object to collect statistics or accumulate facts, an array of which, in all their obnoxious

exaggeration, are constantly presented to the eye of the sensitive public; but simply, in view of the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" of the law of jubilee, when every bondman and bondmaid should go free, and every man return unto his own possession; and in fear of Him who said, "Behold ye fast for strife and debate; is not this the fast that I have chosen, to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free?"—we would repeat the reiterated claims of this suffering country.

There is perhaps no heathen nation, who has, with Africa, equally strong and peculiar claims on our *gratitude*.

It is to Africa we are indebted for the rich inheritance of civilization and the arts; some relics of which still remain, to speak the praise of her departed glory; her catacombs of complex skill, lofty pyramids which have stood in their might for thousands of centuries, and the art of embalming, which, though it might, (as has been asserted,) have arisen from necessity, having neither fuel to burn their dead, nor safe or accessible places of interment; yet, as all efforts to revive it have been unavailing, we may suppose it to have been no ordinary discovery. But because most of her inventions have been merged in the history of other countries, we forget their origin. We eulogize the genius of Homer; but he, like most of the Grecian authors, is thought to have travelled into Egypt, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hiero-

glyphics. We still look back with wonder and delight on the noble specimens of Grecian art; we admire the lofty columns, the massive walls, and the tasteful architecture of the Pantheon; we almost deify the noble figure of the Rhodian Colossus, and the famous temple of the goddess Diana. We can dwell with the eye of an amateur on the exquisite skill of an Appelles, or listen with enthusiastic devotion to the songs of the Athenian bard; while we forget that these wonderful creations had their birth in Egypt; who, while all around was the blackness of darkness, stood brightly forth, like one solitary star; a glorious one indeed, from whose radiant beams have emanated the light of science, and the power of art. That in this little repository were collected those elements of civilization, of genius, of knowledge and of power, which have scattered beauty, wealth, and fame in the white man's path; which have been the pride and glory of our happy Republic. A repository which, like the ark of Noah, floated on the dark waters of barbarism which deluged the earth; and whose scattered treasures, long after, supposed to have come down from Heaven, were made gods, and wrought by the master-workmen of Greece and Rome into their system of Theogony.

Shall we then boast ourselves against her sons, and still treat them as a people scattered and peeled, a nation meted out and trodden under foot? We know, many who venerate the memory of ancient Egypt, look with contempt on the degraded negro; and ridi-

cule the idea of a Hannibal or a Candace with woolly hair and a colored skin,—but we have good historical reason to believe that these lofty spirits were not clothed in light, nor their organs of invention and combination covered with auburn locks, but were identified in their race with the untameable Bushman and filthy Hottentot.

Since, then, our rich blessings of civilization were preserved through one quarter of Africa,\* and since from that point issued the light of science, which, with all its accumulated splendor, is still feasting our intellectual world, has she no claims on our gratitude? Yes, claims which command a four-fold restitution. Not only should we labor for the north, but the south, the east and the west of Africa, to restore in the bosom of her degenerate sons, that spark of genius which so immortalized their illustrious ancestry.

Africa has claims, too, on our *love of civil and political prosperity*.

When man shall have shaken off those selfish, sordid chains which fasten him down, soul and body, to a single patch of earth—when he shall, from the high eminence of his holy ambition, look on the *world* as his field, and its farthest inhabitant his *neighbor*; then, and not till then, will he stand ready to answer

\* The people of the ancient priestly state of Meroë, according to Herodotus, were Negroes. They had a fixed constitution, government, laws and religion. Several colonies went from Meroë, and the first civilized state in Egypt, that of Thebes, must have originated thence.—*Ency. Americana*.

The Ethiopian Queen Candace, whose treasurer is mentioned Acts viii. 27, was probably Queen of Meroë, where a succession of females reigned, who all bore the same name.—*Rob. Calmet*.



the demand we have suggested ; it is nevertheless binding, especially from a country, whose sad reverse makes her adversity the more commiserable.

Who, that appreciates intellectual worth, can behold the mass of mind buried in sloth, sensuality and the most degrading vices, on the vast continent of Africa, unmoved ; spirits that came forth from the breath of the Almighty, now scarce vieing in sagacity or discrimination with the dog or the elephant—who, could they live and breathe in their own native element, or be nurtured by the fostering hand of pitying genius, would yet feel and glow and burn ? Who that has felt the sweets of home, the rich endearing luxuries of social life, can look with cold indifference on the contentions, brawls, and brutish barbarity of an African kraal, where jealousy and revenge, for veriest trifles, break over the fondest relations of life, and fill whole neighborhoods with terror and dismay ? Or who that glories in the peace, the plenty, the mild policy, and the free institutions of our happy America, will not commiserate the precarious safety of those miserable hordes, where turmoil, war, and bloodshed mark the way to power ; where the strongest man rules, and his arm is the law ? Here is a field for the philanthropist, the statesman ; for all who seek the mental improvement, social happiness and equal rights of man ; and hard indeed must be the heart and palsied the energies, that will not feel and act for this suffering, helpless country.

We are apt to associate with Africa every thing



dark, cheerless and unlovely. We view it as an extended waste of scorching sands, where "genius sickens, and where fancy dies;" an isolated spot, marked out for the judgments of Heaven, (but no, 'tis the accursing cruelty of man.) Here grow many of the temperate, and all the tropical productions in rich variety and profusion; and there needs but the hand of the skillful agriculturalist to bring forth joyous harvests. For advantages of commerce, too, it stands unrivalled, with such an extended coast, so central, and so easy of communication with the other quarters of the world. And with all these facilities for improvement, shall we still breathe no prayer, or make no effort to secure to Africa her civil rights and political elevation? Yes, let men of intelligence, of enterprise and of moral worth, plant themselves along her borders, and penetrate her trackless deserts. Let us bring our tithes into the store-house, and hire and send forth laborers into this vineyard, till her wilderness shall become a garden, her deserts bud and blossom like a rose; till her commerce shall fill our seas, and her ships become Bethels, bearing missionaries of the cross to some still longer neglected spot.

But, says an objector, why do all this for a race of idiots, who can never appreciate or enjoy social and civil happiness, whose minds are black as their skin, and who are *formed* for hewers of wood and drawers of water? Nay, but oh vain man! Who art thou in thy fair skin and polished locks, that thus scornest thy brother? "Who maketh thee to differ?"

And what hast thou, that thou didst not receive?" The excuser says, I can never believe in the unity of the human origin, and they have no claims on me as *brethren*. Very well! But, remember that thy caste must be as contracted as thy narrow heart, though not so lofty as thy pride; for, if this distinguishing theory be true, neither the Indian nor the Asiatic is thy brother; and the Circassian would look on thee with the same contemptuous indifference, with which thou regardest the degraded negro.

Even the believer in divine Revelation, which says, God "hath made of one blood all the nations," feels within a lurking scepticism, when he compares the squalid features, and black complexion of the Hottentot, with his own florid face and manly form; but this difficulty may be readily obviated by so arranging the several varieties of the human species, that the unpleasant contrast of black and white is softened down by shades. For example, place in order, first, the snowy, symmetrical Circassian; second, the European; third, the red man of the forest; fourth, the copper-colored Malay; next, the Moor; and last, the Guinea-man; and we shall not be so shocked with the fact, that they all sprang from our common father, Adam. We find them with erect forms, with the same animal structure, the same bones, sinews and muscles, differing only so much as is easily supposable from difference of climate, education, habits of life, and many other causes to which we might refer. We find them too, with souls of the same heavenly

stamp, differing from their sympathetic interest in the same physical causes.

If it be a fact that habits of indolence and effeminacy, even among the civilized and enlightened, are unfavorable to intellectual advancement, what ought we to expect from a race of beings who, from generation to generation, have lived through a long course of years in the grossest sloth, subsisting on the spontaneous products of the earth, having nothing to excite their ambition, or hope of better things? Let us rejoice that these causes may yet be removed, that there lives one spark, even in the blackest covering, which, with the fan of love, may yet be kindled to a flame of intellectual glory here, and by the power of grace, shine as a star in the firmament of heaven for ever and ever. And where is the magnanimity of the philanthropist, where the Christian zeal, which can suffer such materials to lie unimproved; materials which can fill the degraded land of Africa with happy families, peaceful villages, republican institutions, and the richer feasts of mind?

Again, Africa has claims on our *justice*.

She demands, as a *right*, the restoration of those privileges of which our ignominious avarice has so cruelly deprived her. We are her *debtors*, and the sum of her account has been accumulating with matchless rapidity for many generations, and now threatens our country with *bankruptcy*, unless speedily liquidated; debtors not only for her degradation, the spoiling of her beauty, the destruction of her peace, and the gold

of her shores ; but for sons, who, but for our inhumanity, might have become plants ; for daughters, who might have become corner-stones ; yes, for *life* which is now calling upon the divine Avenger for the fulfillment of that legal denunciation, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And if the blood of *one* so cried from the ground, as to reach the ear of Jehovah, how much more that of millions of Africans who have fallen victims to the cruelty of the slave trade. *Slave trade !* Our very heart sickens at the name of such a commerce. We shrink with terror from a sacrifice of blood, of human blood, thus guiltily offered on the altar of avarice, whose polluted smoke is now rising in thick volumes of blackness, a swift witness before the judgment seat of heaven.

Oh, the fiendish barbarity of this dealer in human merchandise ! With an ear deaf to the cry of human woe, and a heart callous to human sufferings, he seizes for his prey—not the aged, whose strength begins to tremble, whose grinders have ceased, and whose windows are darkened ; (No, these were too insensible to his cruelty, too worthless for his avaricious grasp,) but, the pride of manhood, the flower of youth, and the bud of early blossom ; yes, and the helpless infant who knows no joy but in its mother's smile, must be torn from her bleeding, agonizing breast, to satisfy his cruel thirst ; while neither her shrieks of agony, nor the nursling's melting sobs can move his more than adamant heart. Look on

such a scene as this, oh ye fond parents, who regard your tender offspring as the apple of your eye, and be still deaf if ye can to Afric's pleading injuries. And what does the slave dealer give to palliate these woes? He scatters around him liquid poison, which, while it lulls the sense of right, that he may the more easily effect his purpose, leaves behind the sting of the adder, and the bite of the serpent; as if not content with torturing and murdering his captives, he must destroy the bodies and souls too, of those he leaves behind—that none may escape his withering power.

It is needless, perhaps, to follow the dealer in his rapacity; the master in his barbarous tyranny; or the helpless slave in his silent, unrevenged oppression. The very word, *Slave trade*, like the magician's wand, calls up a host of crimes; the guilty stain of which may yet blot the stars from our American escutcheon. The crowded galleys with their heaps on heaps, with nought to breathe but sickly, suffocating air; the heavy, galling chain; the brutish sale; the lash; the scorpion; and last of all, the intellectual and moral gloom their servitude involves—and this by man, free, enlightened man! “Who finds a fellow guilty of a skin not colored like his own, and having power to enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause, dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.” And can we look on such wrongs as these with cold indifference? In the moving strain of Shylock—*Hath not a slave eyes? Hath not a slave hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections passions? Fed with*

*the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as an American? If you prick him does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, shall he not revenge?* Yes, if he is too weak, or his fellow-man too callous to avenge his wrongs, he has an advocate above. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." "I tremble," said Jefferson, speaking of slavery, (when less of moral and political light illumined our country than now,) "when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep for ever." Let us not boast in our security. "When He maketh inquisition for blood, He forgetteth not the cry of the humble;" and, although God is slow to anger, and of long suffering, yet retribution will come, and we fear speedily too, with overwhelming force, unless averted by our penitence, prayers, and powers. Yes, already hear we a murmuring in the tops of the mulberry trees, we feel a shaking in our political fabric; and shall we sit still in infatuated stupidity, till it crumbles and falls? No; let us arise in our strength, and shed forth the blaze of truth, till this secret enemy shall quail before its searching scrutiny. Let us fight with the strong weapons of Gospel love, till not only the foundation, but the top-stone of our republican edifice shall be laid in liberty. And, if neither the cries of her degraded sons at home, nor the sighing of her prisoners abroad, can affect our sympathies



in behalf of Africa'; will not the fear of these threatening calamities? Shall we not make haste to restore to her those rights she so justly demands, if so be, we may yet avert from us the judgments of Heaven.

But why all this ado about Africa? Why this reiteration of her claims? Oh, we are spell-bound in iron fetters, by the love of ease, and the love of gold! If *our* sons and daughters were imprisoned in a foreign land, or degraded at home, and *our* fair country despoiled of its beauty and peace by a foreign power; how would our hearts bleed, our tears flow, and our eloquence plead for restitution. But ("Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!") dark Lybia sues for aid; the voice of justice cries *awake! restore!* and still we heed it not. "Then what is man? and what man, seeing this and having human feelings, does not blush and hang his head to think himself a man?" We are happy to acknowledge some honorable exceptions in our denunciation. We fully appreciate the independence, self-denial, and untiring zeal of those happy few, who have dared to enlist in the redemption of Africa; but her demand against us is national, and requires a nation's strength and a nation's treasury to cover it. Let us then never boast of the speedy reduction of our national debt, till Africa's just claims are canceled.

Lastly—Africa claims from us *the glad news of salvation.*

However successfully we may, by logic, sophistry, or sheer indifference, elude the point of other



arguments; we cannot gainsay the Saviour's broad command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is direct, positive binding—binding on *us*. He would have us go into *all* the world; then we must go to *Africa*. He would have us preach the Gospel to *every* creature; then we must tell the poor *negro* of a Saviour's dying love. We *talk* much about the fulfilment of this command, we anxiously and earnestly watch for the dawn of that happy period; but what *do* we? Shall we wait for it, as if, like the sun, it would roll itself along, and burst upon our view, in all its brightness, without any effort of ours? No—we cannot be mere lookers-on in this scene of interest; we must be actors—and the stronger, more zealously, more perseveringly we act, the sooner will the Millennium come. No *miraculous* hand shall write "Holiness to the Lord," on our possessions. We are the instrument which must engrave this sacred inscription. No bright seraphim shall then, with golden wings, enwrap the earth. In *man* are found the elements, which, purified and brightened, may reflect this rich light of the celestial world, and constitute the glory of the latter day—a glory which shall cover the *earth*. No blackness of darkness shall then rest on *Africa*. We know in her evangelization there are many obstacles to be removed, dangers to be encountered, and sufferings to be borne! But these mountains must be brought low, and it is time the fire and the hammer were already at work. Does the effort bring trial? "Trib-

ulation worketh patience." Does it bring death? "To die is gain." Are her subjects filthy and naked? How enviable the privilege to offer them the garment of salvation, and the washing of a Saviour's blood! Are they degraded and senseless? Who would not love to raise an almost brute to the spiritual height and glory of an angel? There is no time to be lost. Africa must be evangelized; and unless we act with more efficiency, that glorious era we had almost hoped to see ourselves, may never be witnessed, even by our children's children.

We would by no means have other fields abandoned, or the energies now engaged in their cultivation turned upon Africa. We only claim for her an inclosure in the vineyard of the Lord; and inasmuch as the soil is barren, and many stones to be removed, is it not high time the fallow-ground was breaking up? If our efforts for the heathen were, as they should be, in direct ratio of their wants; if their depth of degradation and misery constituted the turning point in our inquiries after duty; Africa, with her hundred millions pleading in blood, would sooner have obtained our sympathies, prayers and aid. And shall we longer delay? The work is great and difficult. A hundred languages and dialects are to be acquired—extensive fields of enterprise explored—advantages of manufacture, commerce, and agriculture sought out—schools and churches to be built—and not a moment should be lost. While we are waiting, the ground is covered with the battle's dead; the sword and the cup

are plunging their thousands into eternity! Missionaries—yes, hundreds of missionaries, ought now to be on the field, studying its Babel of tongues, exploring its trackless deserts and boundless plains, suffering its acclimation, and surveying its objects of interest. The land is to be possessed, if there be any truth in inspiration; and, if there be any fidelity in God's servants, should be possessed by *us*. Let us then hasten to redeem our cruelties to Africa; and, for the spoiling of her beauty, make her wilderness to bud and blossom like a rose; for the destruction of her peace, give her the rich consolation of the Gospel, which is glad tidings of peace; for the gold of her shores, treasures which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt; for her sons and daughters, missionaries of the cross, sons and daughters of God; and, if we have poisoned her fountains of life, open to her the wells of salvation. Let us give her "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

But the question arises, Has no one yet enlisted in behalf of Africa? Yes, the spirits of Mills and Ashman are reaping in heaven the reward of their deeds for her; and some, we trust, are now making among her sable sons, stars for their crown of rejoicing. But, "the end of the commandment is *charity*, from which some having swerved, have turned aside unto vain jangling." This is a whirling, rushing age—and it becomes those who would not be borne heedlessly along by party impetuosity, to look well to the foundation

of their faith; to take a bold and elevated stand in defence of truth. There is a baneful spirit of pride, which is gnawing the very vitals of some of our benevolent institutions; a bigotry and self-sufficiency, which have yet to learn the humiliating lesson, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory; Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord." But here are claims too pressing, too irresistible to be averted by party feuds,—claims of a *nation*, on our *gratitude*, for the bright heritage of her glory—on our *justice*, for the restitution of her stolen goods—on our *compassion*, for the rich gifts of the Gospel.

Still, what is to be done? Much, every thing; and can any, for the sake of two millions at home, withhold not their alms only, but their sympathies from the hundred millions perishing in fearful succession in Africa? We ought perhaps to preface in such a time of excitement, "No leveled malice infects one comma in the course I hold;" but, to see professed friends of civil and moral liberty holding back, even opposing efforts directed to the regeneration of Africa, is a cause of deep regret. Is not her advancement in political prosperity worthy the philanthropist? Should not her deliverance from civil thralldom touch the heart of an American? And can her deep immersion in sin and idolatry fail to awaken the energies of the Christian? If the deliverance of the captive in our borders is an object of so much importance, as to be effected at the risk of internal order, plighted faith and social happiness; should trifles, prejudices, piques

prevent the emancipation of a *nation*, not only from a galling civil yoke, but from the harder bondage of sin and Satan? Though the lovers of human happiness have a right to choose objects of benevolence for themselves, they have no right to *oppose* efforts in behalf of any part of God's heritage. Africa must be regenerated; and we can conceive of no better way than through the auspices of societies. If there be any objection to one or other society, organize a third. We are not fighting for Liberia or Cape Palmas, but for Africa, and must patronize these colonies 'till others be planted. If any objection to their locality be raised, select another site; only "let there be no strife I pray thee, for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before us?"

Away with this bitter spirit! Act like fellow-men, like brethren; and no longer attempt to give liberty to the captive by binding heavier burdens, and more grievous to be borne, on his friend—his advocate—his liberator. The commands, Break every yoke, and preach the Gospel to every creature, issued from the same mighty authority. It was the same prophetic spirit breathed the cheering promises, every bondman and bondmaid shall go free; and Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God. We have often admired the wisdom of Providence in so variegating the means of benevolence, as to suit the peculiar tastes and partialities of all who are disposed to aid the cause of human happiness; as well as the harmony with which each, touched by the same moving spring,

fulfilled its separate end. There has hitherto been no jarring, no discord, no worldly policy. A laudable spirit of emulation has indeed been often excited by the zeal and efforts of kindred societies, and the sleeping energies of many a band of love have been aroused to action by the pleading note of a more daring brother; but, whoever heard, even in times of highest excitement, of one organ of benevolence lifting up its heel against its fellow? Who ever heard the Tract say to the Bible society, we have no need of thee? Or the Home Missionary society say to the Foreign, stand by, for I am holier than thou? Why—this spirit is an *anomaly* in the benevolent world! A *monster* in the sisterhood of charity! Ah! 'tis such disputations give strength to the infidel, and make the seoffer's glory. Take heed then, lest, through misdirected, injudicious measures, you bring reproach upon the cause you have espoused.

It is indispensable to the stability and success of benevolent enterprises, that their foundation be strong, their first principles sound; and we think it might not be amiss for the societies enlisted in the African cause to test their secret springs by the touch-stone of charity; to search out and discard all "envy and jealousy and evil speaking" they may find lurking within their territories. Exclude every thing corrupt from your system. Make the tree good. Remember, that "if any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love the Father whom he hath not seen?" That, "if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there



rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way ; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Bring together your prayers, and your interests ; act in harmony as twin sisters of the same parent of love : then may you ask boldly a Father's care ; then will the sable children of your beneficence call you blessed.

We shall not attempt to answer objections, either to the Abolition or Colonization societies. The grand principle of both is, professedly, the elevation of the negro race. And we see no reason why they should not move in concert, as different artisans in rearing the same sanctuary of human blessedness. Let the Anti-slavery society raise her note of alarm, and sound loud and long the horrors and abominations of the slave trade ; let her bring to light its fiendish barbarity, and dwell on the dark, inhuman deeds of that merciless traffic, till her pity and indignation shall pronounce its death-dirge—and we will rejoice. Let the Abolitionist alarm, (not denounce) the conscience of the owner, and show him the blackness of his crime ; let him visit our southern brethren, and plead with them in accents of love and kind compassion, the liberation of his fellow-bondmen—and we will bid him God speed. Yea, let churches and school-houses, academies and colleges be built for the colored freed-man, and give him all the privileges, social, civil and religious, which we enjoy—and we will glory in his exaltation. Then let the Colonizationalist transport



to Africa her sons who love their native soil; and plant her colonies from east to west, and from north to south. Let manufactures, commerce, and agriculture be extended; the arts and sciences cultivated: let a republican policy of government and a high tone of morality prevail: and let the Gospel banner there unfurl its heaven-born motto, "Peace on earth, good will to men;" and we may hope yet to see the ignorance and cruel ferocity of those barbarous nations, melting away before the light of knowledge and the power of truth.

And there, where science shot a ray  
 Across the white man's darken'd way;  
 Shall *Gospel* light in glory rise,  
 And beam with love o'er Afric's skies.

The regeneration of Africa is no puny undertaking. A vast continent of more than one hundred millions of inhabitants, sunk in the lowest degradation and misery! And were it the work of such slothful instruments alone, our hearts would faint in view of it, and we should exclaim with the Apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But our Father smiles, and we take courage. The arm of Jehovah moves forth, and the work is done. Nevertheless, he *will* be enquired of; He will achieve this glorious enterprise through the agency of man. Why then shall we not believe? And why do we not act? Ah! this faithlessness and this indolence are too cruel in these days of mighty works. With such indifference, when shall these dear heathen be given to Christ for

an inheritance? When shall the heralds of the cross fly swiftly across the Atlantic, to answer the thrilling Ethiopian cry; "Come over and help us?" When shall the filthy Hottentot, and the tameless Bushman, wash in the fountain of redemption and bow meekly to the Gospel yoke? And when shall the tyrant and his subject, the bloody chieftain and his helpless victim, lie down together in the quiet shade of the olive-branch of peace? Never, never, till we awake to the injuries of pleading Africa! Never, till the friends of humanity, and the lovers of the gates of Zion, arise in their strength, to dispel those spirits of darkness now haunting her groves and prowling about her deserts. To arms, to arms, ye soldiers of the cross! March on in the strength of the Lord of Hosts against their wily prince, and his arm shall be broken, his throne crumble and fall, and his dominions be given to the Prince of Peace. Scatter the word of life, and that dry and thirsty land shall become a fruitful field; her barren deserts, springs of life; her rivers overflow with gladness; the mountains break forth into singing, and all the hills clap their hands with joy; and the valley and the plain shout forth loud anthems of thanksgiving to God for this mighty deliverance;—and in heaven, mid the high praises of these ransomed ones, washed *white* in the blood of the Lamb, may ye find your reward.

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